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AUTOPSY

BY

WILLIAM B. LITCH.

ROCHELLE, ILLINOIS

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✧ AUTOPSY. ✧

BY WILLIAM B. LITCH.

The helpless Wigler from the stagnant flood
Strikes for the air and whines around for blood,
Then *sans* a bill four legs and wings to fly,
With full life to jerk and e'en enough to die,
It lives again, Man's unrelenting foe
Where e'er he lights on hand or head or toe ;
Unconscious Wigler of its fate to come,
Born in the water, seeks no wat'ry home,
By one natural bound—no gun from Mars,
Finds a New World o'er canopied with stars.
Stand there O, mortal, shrink not the compare,
Between thy proud self and the Wigler there ;
He makes his great turn with unflinching eye,
Is welcome home to the radiant sky,
You see the leap which that lone Wigler took,
'Tis the tiniest leaf in Nature's Book ;
It applies to thee, learn it once for all,
Progression is the law with no recall ;
There is no death in Earth, Air, Sea or Sky,
Change is eternal, but to never die.
Results deciphered by the rule of three,
Brightest of mirrors for you and for me,
If such strides are made from the lowest kind,
What not to expect for Immortal Mind?

Quite as distant the march from Man beyond,
 As Man to insect in the lifeless pond ;
 'Xact in degree, as we ascend to Jove,
 Is our life excelled in the realms above.
 A happy Wigler but unhappy Man,
 Who quits the Divine for a mortal plan,
 Councils, creeds, books in prose and yet in verse,
 But increase alarm as we view the hearse,
 Engulf your postulates, cast words to dogs,
 To Nature's facts give ere, exempt from fogs,
 Think, reason, independent, bold and free,
 No power was e'er made to think for thee,
 You take a seat high o'er all living things,
 You've duties of God's, destiny of Kings ;
 Look up, with angels freely to converse
 You hold the key—unlock the universe.
 Women have secrets, they never betray,
 Nature more coy, firmly discounts for pay,
 Bestows no crown on belief in advance,
 Faith or no faith, she goes on with the dance ;
 Earth's music's inspiring, falls on dull ears,
 It's spirit of music, swelling the spheres,
 Don't say for an instant, one simple fool
 Master's all treasures in Nature's great school,
 Who dons roughest garb at first start on earth,
 She disrobes to undress at the New Birth ;
 May search up for ages on you will find,
 Enrapturing scenes, a charm to the mind.
 Endless time's too short for best human skill
 To solve Nature's problem—the Divine Will.
 Stop for a moment as you turn to dirt,
 Scan the Wigler's 'scape and the Wigler's shirt.
 His waiting comrades, raise no mournful din
 O'er his outward semblance—the cast off skin,
 No fun'ral dirge, or wake, his exit mars,
 He wings attractive flights, no thing debars ;
 Just as unmindful of the mighty change,
 As mankind to-day of the fields they'll range,
 The Wigler, sure, was never reared to think,
 In this is saved vas², useless lakes of ink ;
 Words can't tell the truth of worlds never seen.
 You guess, suggest, coerce to suit your spleen.
 Artificial words—superficial youth,
 Expressionless to state a vital truth.
 Words, words, words, words, words ; stiff resounding
 words,
 The scabbards that encase all tyrants swords.
 Words are Jack O' Lanterns flitting the sky
 Chase bog, fen and marsh to catch—and they fly,
 To swell a pimple on a ruddy face
 Up to the morning star that shines in space,
 Crowd into the disc of a midges eye
 The golden orbs that bespangle the sky
 Construct an Universe from out a flea,
 Cramp the Infinite to a par with thee,
 Is the thankless task of the self-conceit,
 That chatters in words to make both ends meet.
 Truth runs with laws that never can be writ,
 Man finds his bliss in words that never fit ;
 In blacksmith's hammer used to tune the lyre,

Or crackling powder in the blazing fire,
We behold the fight, conflicting ages saw,
To rule by self-conceit, eternal law,
As well mate Tiger with the Lamb like roe,
Or Bird of Paradise with carrion Crow,
Or love to hatred, false the world around,
The Cat to Mouse, or Fox with baying Hound.
Give up the contest Man, now, this day noon,
You must at last, you cannot make a Moon,
Go sift all books, one lurking truth to find,
Then sit and weep, and sift in constant wind,
Sift Texas Siftings carrying all the parts,
From finest humor to the highest arts,
Nature stands intact, smiles at ready wit
Her Bull's eye surrounded, can ne'er be hit
From A to Z transformed to song or prose
Two dozen soldiers, *plus*—the world's repose
Ne'er reached the mark, save by assumption's strut
The fool's good pastime and the wise Man's butt,
Thrice artful speech, the spider weaves so sly
All unsuspecting to the headlong fly
The Indictment charges but one offence
Words have crippled and stolen common sense
Not contented to act the servants part
They have mounted the seat and drive the cart
No words e'er yet assuaged a trembling fear
Bound up a broken heart or dried a tear.
With oaths forsworn thick o'er the perjured past
Arrogance that's rivalled by Thomas Nast,
The game's afoot, unfettered, anxious youth,
Suggestive pictures merely squint at truth,
It's all that's found, the star that guides to light,
Confusing language sinks in darkest night.
Once see the race sped by the Yankee knack
If words or Mind shall hold the inside track
Words have it now in poignant grief confess
Their dazzling plume may wear a feather less
Be mine the arm persistent drive the wedge
Split usurping tyrants to letters edge.
The trusty rifle hurls the fatal ball
The power that sends it never seen at all
In our career with words, we never pause
And mistake effect, for actual cause
A few rough marks with sound inflated tight
Impelling force entirely out of sight
That force ne'er exuding in prose or rhyme
We'll one day see it at the proper time
Now keep down your Nag to the squarest trot
Rush a canter will make the course too hot
Steady, steady, let Horses pace be slow
Ne'er risk a step till all obstructions know
Or like Duck for Hopper in summer grass
He scoots one side, the earnest Duck will pass.
Words, all credit claim, no reserve, no none
For the engine nestling behind the throne.
Words, tinselled harness and without remorse
That fills our eyes, neglecting splendid Horse,
The reason's plain, we write and hear the speech
The strong impetus clear beyond our reach
At no time visible to naked eye,

Its effect, magnetic in laugh or cry.
"Worlds on worlds" our constant strain to span
We mince our steps too fine, to unrav'l Man,
To analyze him, 'way beyond our ken,
We lump him off and then retreat like Men
We see his strength and marvel for a day,
A low streak turns up that we fain would slay ;
Yet Man's improving, be lenient o'er the past
His true nobility will shine at last,
But don't abuse him, let him run his race,
He's faced all dangers, will ten thousand face,
He looks for sympathy, for this he'll strike,
An hidden treasure, as no two alike,
Enough is found to balance all neglect,
And Man plods on, still proudly stands erect,
Enslaved by words, unmeaning, senseless things,
Content with beggars lot, but not a kings,
He asks but this, not beg to be a drudge
That a few parasites may live in fudge
Ennobling work, we love it from our birth
When all take hold 'twill make a Heaven of Earth.
Secret of life easy labor to court
Instead of hard work, toil turned into sport
Will come o'er the Earth o'er Land and o'er Sea,
Well come the Jubilant, Great Jubilee.
This world is but the rudimental state,
All our pleasure depends on what we hate,
To hate the whole with all our heads and hearts
Is more angelic than to hate the parts,
Prepares us, that to quit, welcome the new
World awaiting, now bursting on our view.
This disarranges body, soul and life
The prime co-equal of a stubborn wife.
Speak out dumb Wigler, you're ashamed to see
Such havoc made of Man's true dignity.
Be calm, fear not, you are of more account
Than Wigler, Bear or Eagle on the mount,
You rule them all, and still are so amazed
You scare, go wild, your God-like thoughts are dazed
All Nature throbs, in ecstasy—delight
To reach its *foci*, Man—it must be right
No Bird that flies or Fish that swims the Sea
Beast, reptile, insect, but resembles thee,
Faint though the likeness in the Lion's lair,
Is cousin-german to the Hog and Bear,
The Elephant with huge portentous trunk
In affection, equalled by coward Skunk
Like Monkey's some Men look, act the same,
Their conduct traced they differ but in name,
Some no attention pay to rhyme or rule
And squarely look and act like army Mule,
And this is something, Horse trots down to death
The Mule knows more and catches rest and breath,
He lays right down, defying all events.
Man bows to half mast—and the future tense,
There's no intent to charge that Man's a Mule
For all the world at times seems more a fule
The Beaver falls the trees, builds hut and dam
Redeems Swine in *Homo*, he's great I am,
Don't drive this noble Prince from out his place

Lest you fill his home with a meaner race
Some Men and Women, too, are types of Snakes
Their lives so fortuous, e'en unfit for rakes
The Whale and Shark are monarchs of the deep
Old ocean's impaled in their haughty sweep,
Two round turns and half hitch their circuit mark
Harpooned at length by more than agile Shark,
The wise old Owl marks few for early pray
Such hoot at night, keep stiller through the day,
In air the Bird of freedom soaring high
Recalls Napoleon, Wagram, Lodi,
Time, distance, means, both read with equal skill
Both pounced on foes with full intent to kill,
Songs of Nightingale prove it never sinned
Angelic counterfeit of Jenni Land,
Presenting holey bill in brilliance shirred
Chain-lightning's carrier, dear Humming Bird,
Two forces here unite and seem at rest
Arrayed in beauty's spirit on little nest,
Hear this, who boast not born of low degree
Go farther back for honest pedigree,
Then blood so blue will curdle in your veins
To solace wounded pride with such refrains,
While many a biped, you'd shun with care
Still more with nobler men you'd gladly share,
With outstretched arms, Gorilla you embrace
Peacock and Tom Turkey stamp it—disgrace,
On *Terra Firma* find the conscious power
Who ne'er resigned his throne, no, not an hour,
In him is centered Water, Air and Land
And all their productions he holds in hand
Responsibilities should follies wean
Though running with, directs the great machine
A rank monopolist now fresh from school
Is truly great in knowing he's a fool
Some shining points sum up the lengthened role
Is only great to feel he's not a Mole
He's all in all concerning earthly scheme
And here he stops, world's 'bove he fears to dream
Once in an age all things combine to prove
Man's an epitome of heroic love,
In all these cases, it is well to know
That the head is levelled from what's below
Each part component handing up its share
The Coyote, Gazelle, Partridge and the Hare
In numbers even from Sea, Air and Earth,
A lasting monument, the noblest birth
And more or less ascend the ladders rung
In plainest features show from whence we sprung
All act the part designed for each to play
And leave for Man as soon's they've had their day.
Right there's the rub, in distribution's sphere
Here comes a Marwood, there William Shakespeare
By trade both hangmen, one puts Men to death
The world is charmed for aye by other's breath
That hangs his betters, who for duty die
This hangs the world effulgent in the sky
Britain, ambitious for an honored name
Reaps glory for the one, the other shame
Half billion ~~as~~ Helots, a few cunning knaves

In chorus sing, "We never will be slaves."
The flag on which the Sun don't cease to shine,
Floats o'er an Empire where not half can dine,
Its meteor rag around the Globe unfurled
Waterloo confronts it in Irish World
Stand up Old Ireland by the grace of God
Your children yet who stick shall own the sod
Now too late to reviv'e the famished dead
One bacon eat o'ercasts a Bacon read
One thing is certain, sure as you are born
Ox snaps his muzzle treading out the corn
Mean the spirit on land you did not give
Steal from its workers e'en the bit to live,
Now cast your eyes on burly, bully clown
Fells Men by sword, with letters holds them down
In accustomed parlance of the pirate den,
Claims "right Divine" to rob all common Men,
One look more, no odds Earls and Dukes may scoff
Our "right Divine" is left to throw them off,
A brigand, leprous crew, in saucy vim
With the toilers exclaim "See we apples swim."
Vagrants take your oars, see the threatening storm
Earn your bread and wine, clothes to keep you warm
You're but flesh and blood, soon will turn to dust
For one coffin pay ere you in it rust
Thoughts quick or slow conceived in idle heads
Their sleep unsafe except in vicious beds,
From these are hatched Kings, Lords, Aristocrats
Despise the work saves them from starving Rats,
A bandit horde like Egypt's swarming Lice
Plant slavery, fear, engender ev'ry vice
Motion's Heaven's first law, then move along
Lend helping hand to overworking throng
Above all else burn all the tools of fear
By which the World's been cursed for many a year
Uphold Men's hands, be brave to save their rights
Although millions fall in a thousand fights
One sweet kiss on the lips of poorest child
Supplants the wealth of Croesus or Rothschild
One manly act by sinner, saint or elf
Spreads like contagion and returns to self.
Reverse the grade, it's up hill all your life
Unconsoled by music of broken fife,
The Ants, the Bees, the Jews, Christian brother
Light, Beacon, Hill, love and help each other,
No vain expanse of words their vision blinds
Unselfish acts, an unison of minds,
No drones encouraged 'round the busy hive
Each works for all and in contentment thrive,
Good deeds alone foot up their zealous cant
None of their brethren ever come to want,
Silent exemplars, bravely do their part
In field or flower or the active mart.
Distracted Christians would you win the prize
Break selfish frowns and straightway do likewise,
Relax your muscles on the greedy lunge
Nor down Niag'ra take the fatal plunge,
Discard your pomp, your envy and display
And live for all time as they live to-day,
Invoking Heaven, its mantle over all

It sees a Giant or a Sparrow fall,
When this is done in a steadier stream
Abundant ducats in your purses gleam?
Supreme injunction Jews will never dodge
Cull out the gold from the Christian hodge-podge,
"All things are added" to these patient braves
Christendom creeps on, their pliant slaves,
John Bull may bluster, France may cry content
Jonathan orate, Turk pretend resent,
Roumania slaughter Women, Child and Men
Russians expatriate, raise mobs, and then,
Their Bonds, Old Israel holds in broad day-light
Will collect cent per cent and let them fight.
These debts like millstones round their necks are strung
Till the last dollar from their labor's wrung,
And this is Hell, old dogma sure is right,
Debt, adamant, ne'er recedes from sight.
Thieving interest, through the Christian law
Gold, Christian's God, they overlook the flaw,
The trap you set to press your brother hard
The Jews have hoist you with your own petard,
With them is Heaven ere the early Cross.
Your stale pretensions nought but merest dross.
They've made no laws, but take things as they are
Rough boards to sleep on and still rougher fare
But true as the needle to Northern Star
To kith and kin, and race, without a jar.
Account for this ye hypocrites—fresh news
Why you exult o'er persecuted Jews,
Christ was a Jew to whom you pay incense
In words and cummin—a lane, false pretense,
What good has his example been to thee
You flout his words in solemn mockery,
Armed to the teeth for death from sea to sea
Bereft of faith and hope, sweet charity,
Small goodness truly in your ranks still lurks
You must be judged in whole—look at your works,
The master only called the poor and meek
Such ragged company you never seek,
Lazarus and his ilk, you never knew
Dives your boon companion country through,
Have you clothed the naked the hungry fed?
Sick ministered unto, to prisons led?
Or wound yourselves in self-sufficient wad
Sang hosannas and cried aloud to God?
If to respond in cheer you've failed in these
How can you invoke Divine Master, please?
Admiring millions with abated breath
Enunciate *peans* in life and death,
To the author who invincibly stood
With God-like nerve and stemmed the fiery flood,
Of greed and ignorance, all fully rife
And sealed the greatest work with purest life.
Is this enough? Is duty fully done
While in your beat, there's a suffering one
In cold or heat, or hunger, sick, duress,
Admire and praise, but never think to bless?
Done to the least of these, no questions asked
Soothed the afflicted when you're fully mask'd,
Right hand in obedience to what left's about

Ne'er sought applause or the vulgar shout,
 Without all this you've done—sincere, in faith
 All professions, an evanescent wraith ;
 Still more's required to feel supremest Heaven
 You must forgive the whole seventy times seven,
 Including debts and trespasses and sins,
 All these things done to stand on solid pins.
 You slur the Mormons through your crafty lives
 Treat with contempt all your discarded wives,
 Attack in round numbers, make great ado
 Omit to state what they really do,
 Pour on hot coals, make haste to be their judge,
 Mercy, pity, candor, all these you grudge,
 Appeal to prejudice from lust of power,
 Would destroy like Peter all in an hour,
 Your system's distasteful, they struck anew
 To build up a world from their point of view,
 Assailed by the sword, it must be confessed
 Tacit admission that their scheme's the best,
 They all are workers cultivate the ground
 You premium idlers all the world round,
 Ignore goodly work as you would the snakes
 Loading boys and girls early grain for rakes,
 They beautify the Earth—first corner stone
 Make deserts blossom, bring all stragglers home,
 Claim to raise children fleet as any wind,
 Treat the sex wisely, lust gives way to mind,
 Sexual intercourse, indulged for fun
 The Devil's toy shop—a second Bull Run,
 When sought as means to multiply the race
 Carries ev'ry charm, filled with Heavenly grace,
 You flood the world with puny, limping, lives
 Strong men shamed by beasts, sleeping with their wives,
 Instinctive beasts award their young a chance
 Ne'er disturbed in durance, pelted in advance,
 Males, comely, strict, eye wants of better half,
 Sound all come forth, e'en to the Heifer's calf.
 Robust athletes is what we want to see,
 Not conceived in sin and iniquity.
 When Men treat Women not as well as brutes,
 Progeny of weakness, sickly offshoots,
 This you are given the latest review,
 Most children ruined while *in transitu*,
 One nugget treasure now and evermore.
 Who bears a child can never be a w—e.
 Zealous Christians, you've failed on ev'ry point ;
 The whole Christian world's sadly out of joint. ;
 Your cities' cancers, filled with crime and woe,
 Reeking with corruption from head to toe.
 Governments—burlesques, made to rob the poor,
 Build up the rich, gigantic evil doer,
 Wet nurse for Shylock, the plot is complete,
 Ithariel's spear won't detect the deceit,
 Gorges his av'rice, forbearance too small,
 Though oceans of tears in rivulets fall,
 His hatred to rivals scarcely exalted
 By that to his victims formerly held ;
 The poor are included in the same list,
 Where but for the poor himself couldn't exist.
 Abnormal wealth invariably tends

To lead to a path that fatally ends,
 Near his exit, one day Vanderbilt said,
 "Hell'll soon be to pay, can never be paid."
 Very true prophet, 'twas quite early found,
 That old Commodore's voice, swift from the ground,
 Was Dead Sea advice to William's poor soul,
 Who claimed from brother and sisters the whole,
 Clutched by the throat both brother and sisters,
 Till Kissam's vain pride broke out in blisters,
 The family linen bedraggled in mud,
 Infamous lawsuit went out with a thud ;
 Two hundred millions no salve for the sore,
 He owns six feet by two, not an inch more.
 Your great defect disunion's gates ajar.
 Pandora's box, that makes you what you are,
 No bond of Union yours o'er all the land,
 Extra sanctity, false as stars of sand ;
 Widows' mites taken, orphans ne'er caressed,
 Can you look on High, feel supremely blest ?
 If all that's said and what remains behind
 Brings you to Reason and a candid Mind,
 You'll comprehend it shows a want of sense
 To weigh your blind self-will 'gainst Providence.
 If you are right, one-tenth you pretend to be,
 No Mormons could arise to trouble thee.
 As rats are prone to flee the sinking ship,
 You fear the Mormons have you on the hip.
 As the old grain decays, gives up and dies,
 The new springs up to gratify the skies,
 The old's deficiencies supply its food,
 And thus work upward for eternal good.
 In endless Cycles Nature's golden chain,
 Lost, no part, ever, all the links remain.
 She conquers life and death, and silly pride ;
 We all go home and lay down by her side,
 Accept the inevitable ——— delays,
 But vex our souls, don't live out half our days ;
 Ligament that should bind us, real need,
 Not the brittle texture of ancient creed,
 You've no reliance if poor to-morrow—
 "Run along, now, children," sup on sorrow,
 Turned into the street, sniff the world's dear breath,
 The next day-dawn reveals them cold in death,
 Unless half lunatic 'tother half dunce—
 Throw up the reins, let Mormons try it once,
 They populate the Earth both far and wide.
 Don't desecrate the soil with infanticide,
 Or block all progress with neglected maid,
 Abortionists with them can't ply their trade,
 Loathsome disease disappears from view,
 This crumbles the old, ushers in the new,
 With all these virtues, base slander and scoff
 Will never avail you—keep your hands off—
 If true to themselves, cemented in love,
 No power can crush them except from above.
 As for their sins to you don't signify,
 First cast the great beams from out your own eye,
 When this is well done, no doubt 'twill be found
 That your rotten fabric's safe under ground,
 Young men can't marry to fill your vain plan.

Cease to perpetuate first sign of Man.
What few stagger on need many a brace,
Mountains of vice will extinguish the race ;
God bless the Mormons, they've made a bold stand,
To wrench his dearest in this wicked land
From grasp of the reckless wild debauchee,
Who rules for a day, not eternally ;
Their virtues all vices, Christ said forgive,
You would'nt permit an odd soul to live,
No pride of power to exterminate you,
The fittest survives, but it must be true blue,
Leave it to Nature, can't miss her decrees
She humors the young, don't do as they please,
She reserves for herself first rank at the helm,
And casts the last vote—is Queen of the realm,
Submit all to her with no churlish grace,
Have your own way, she will laugh in your face,
Lets you run on awhile, think you are smart,
You're brought up standing—she shivers your heart ;
Dearest of Mothers, both early and late.
If she did'nt outlive us, we'd heir her 'state ;
Her rubies brought in—downright overplus,
Our ownership, fiction—Nature owns us,
There's one sure teacher, convincing to all,
The greater, always, encircles the small ;
Concentrate your forces, fire for the heap,
Whate'er the booty, great Matron will keep,
Sad look of compassion gives ev'ry soul
Flushed with conceit, that his part's the whole ;
Test fav'rite fancies you harbor and nurse,
Upset a Star, throw the Sun from his course.
Take chances in air to fly without wings,
If Bees swarm in your hair, pull out their stings,
Blooming, good natured, send Nature to school,
Then look in the glass and see a damphool
Christ fed his lambs in lanes and the roadsides,
You starve them out and after, tan their hides,
Doff cloak self-righteous, cruel pride must hate
Though Massachusetts is the banner State,
You all unite to shun the pauper Man,
Pious old Bay State barely leads the van,
Her Legislature votes with all its might,
Pity 'tis 'tis true, still they vote it right,
Most inhuman acts receive two coats of paint,
Each law maker next votes himself a saint,
Yet you worship Christ, all his princely deeds
Are dove-tailed in to all your good old creeds,
When all can see it would be best by half,
Simply to insert but the Golden Calf,
And pass around the contribution box,
Grow that fatted Calf up to largest Ox,
You cheat and Pillage at your own good will,
Lust, rapine, murder, full your measure fill,
To cap the climax of guilt stained career
Into the gospel fold you fan would steer,
The sword of justice in the name of law
With prowess insolent you ever draw,
To slay your brother, who innocent of wrong,
Will not submit to sing your hybrid song,
And thank his Stars that in your stalwart might,

You failed to rob at noon, instead at night,
You hate your brethren, Jesus' special call,
First to the House of Israel—then to all,
Their fate he fixed on Calvary's sacred tree,
Martyrs to faith and stern fidelity.
Not recline in one particular spot
"To draw nutrition propagate and rot,"
Sent to all Nations the lump to leaven,
In trust await the promises of Heaven,
His cross they've borne in meekness ne'er despair,
Over crimson fields that no braggart dare,
Their reward now reaping, modest, no boast,
While the self-styled Christians in torment roast.
The clouds are breaking, light comes pouring down
On vilest nabob and more stupid clown,
Scylla and Charybdis, the gauntlets run
A road of land at least, for ev'ry one,
Divine Inheritance! Palsied the hand,
Would oust the darling child from off its land,
No more impious, had they the power,
Would cleave down its right to Immortal Dower,
Parchments with lying words in coming flight
Will make tall bonfires—a translucent light,
O'er all the past, enjoyed a corsairs times
"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes,"
That single virtue feeds the fun'ral pyre
And with their legion crimes in flames expire,
Self-condemned and sickened with ill got lore,
Outrivals Judas and is seen no more;
Righteous holocaust, fruit of bitter years,
Bids widows and orphans to dry their tears.
Twenty six letters most archly combined
Have bullied and baffled and triumphed o'er mind
Surface characters, all when wheeled into line
As issue comes off, met, only in kine,
They are shuffled and cut and packed into yards,
The number one half a full deck of cards,
Adepts to deal them, ~~the~~ trick neatly stated,
Kai-laudscope views, minds sorely grated,
Pupils turned homeward called educated,
In what? "Steer clear of toil all labor shirk,
Get a fat living from other men's work;"
With these patent facts, give it in a trice,
Which educator invites higher price?
Cards tumble the pennies now held in hand,
Letters tax your house, your goods and your land,
Place ev'ry power in hands of the few,
So that they grow wealthy, what care for you?
No earthquake or storm or modern cyclone
Can sweep them an inch in manner or tone,
They're masters, not servants, long will they wave
O'er the stoutest of manhood, they should be its slave,
Conjure them deftly the great game of life,
Ever the authors of war and of strife,
Easily twisted to transit the sun,
Heroes of victories, dogmatists won,
Soldiers well disciplined, smoother the drill,
More compact the columns, more sure to kill,
More tangled the mind, the more easy trained,
Confusion contounded, the battle is gained.

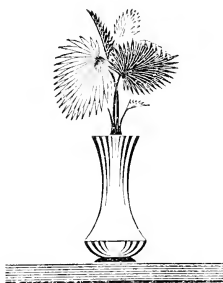
Centuries bound up in perfidy's hand,
 All Nations go down at wave of their wand.
 You've gone foaming mad, long switched off the track
 All hail the derrick that can lift you back ;
 As hair from some dog may work out a cure
 Hydrophobia from words is hard t'endure,
 Checked by antidote of their own stamp,
 May put on their boots and take a short tramp.
 A quaint, queer fuddle, a dry wordy bum,
 Now call a halt and have one spree on rum,
 In rum as letters like "Pierian Spring"
 "Drinking largely, may sober us again."
 At all events the change will show our spunk,
 Perhaps break up old outlawed blue mold drunk.
 "A little learning's a dangerous thing,"
 "Drinking deeply" the more envenomed sting,
 If such low draughts intoxicate the brain,"
 "Drinking largely" infuriates the train,
 If Pope by "learning" meant knowing letters,
 Glorious wit, more tightly rivets fetters.
 For wit is formed on untrue basis—flat,
 You hint a falsehood, same time fire at that,
 To save your chums from naming you a bore,
 Your fib ingenious, makes "the table roar ;"
 If "all things in an hour" was meant by Pope,
 Crockett rings out, "Go ahead," give him rope,
 Crockett's right, niche Pope's illustrious name,
 On proudest pillar of undying fame.
 Half-pledged reformers, the bold thing to see,
 First lay the axe at the root of the tree,
 Letters as lightning bugs lead you astray,
 Flicker at eve, give no light through the day,
Ignis fatuus, uncertain, round you they wind,
 And safely are named Will O' Wisp of the mind ;
 Through shelves of books you romp, and romp, and
 romp,
 Reach no conclusion, and your reason swamp,
 Mammoth law libraries crammed with disputes,
 Shamed this time by birds, and meanest of brutes.
 Tickled to death that you're suffer'd to live
 And find out the Law a rickety sieve,
 Reap first and last fruits from chick-a-dee-dee,
 Who stake all they have on tweedle-dum-dee.
 Come up to Nature, leave the glitt'ring baub,
 Shattered is your center, your sheen bedaub,
 You ope box in box till the last is burst,
 To find that empty, but not so the first,
 You delve in words till all you know is broke,
 Round up the hunt in fumes of dreary smoke.
 Attention paid to arbitrary marks,
 We give them the glory, and not the sparks
 Of light illuminating crooked signs,
 Through which have glistened the most cultured minds
 Gone past—pages of richest apothem.
 All praise is due to these—small meed to them,
 Like crutch to cripple, at a salient pitch,
 No part of Man, but keeps him out the ditch,
 Words are of use is not to be denied,
 On things invisible, O, how they've lied,
 No one time since their very first advent,

Have calmed the mind and made it feel content,
 They've fixed us all like mouse in trap of pins,
 Wise mouse prefers one out to all the ins,
 Man made words for his own exclusive use,
 They hold him fast but neve caught a goose,
 The play on words like to a violin
 All night fiddling for small amount of tin.
 Sweet sounds in troops come filtering through the
 Music, delicious, floats on airy wings, [strings,]
 Music, eloquence, two bewitching wights,
 Morning awakes you stript of all your rights,
 Fatal delusions, charmers of all things,
 Words *cest le meme chose* as old fiddle strings.
 With wrapt impatience, ev'ry joyous strain
 Thrills us through and through, vibrates on the brain.
 The fiddler owns a battery, all concealed from sight
 You own another, the two create the light ;
 Fiddle strings and words are electric wires
 Used by batteries till we put out the fires,
 When like the rocket, shot aloft so quick,
 Brilliant explosion, soon come down a stick.
 Things plain in view, experience defies
 The most astute to pick out all the lies,
 On things not seen with our Natural eyes,
 The Devil's workshop on them relies,
 To frighten, cajole, Badger, now to laugh
 At his easy victims, not all by half.
 We writhe and twist o'er Hell's decoying brink,
 Make new resolves, stop short, and try to think,
 A trade itself, but one that we must learn,
 To save the money that we fairly earn.
 Words with religion play cunning buffoon,
 As Wolf to Sheep or Panther to the Coon,
 Politics more open, deceive the same,
 With both duplicity makes sure the game ;
 Now you see, little joker, now you don't,
 You're now so sure, you'd bet your whole life on't,
 Of course, your pile is up, no caution take,
 Words have won, you have another stake.
 You bet again, again, and once again,
 Your money's gone, and you in sorest pain.
 Why not "be wise to-day," not wildly daft,
 Words will you ever rake, yea, fore and aft,
 You breakfast, dine, at eve you on them sup,
 Convicts, servile, in cells at night locked up,
 Rogues most designing, soon secure the key,
 All rights surviving, put them in your E.
 Tom Carlisle with the talkers measured swords,
 Didn't touch the top root—superficial words.
 In dread mayhap of being called a coot,
 To lift himself by pulling on his boot,
 Like Sampson, should have laid the Temple low,
 If in ruins buried for miles below
 To put his head against all other brains,
 Strength still might count on sadly mourned remains.
 If destined to go down in mutual grief,
 Genius, sublime, would've made the struggle brief.
 In case on hand, the muse will blow one blast,
 Safe in the fact that its the first and last,
 He reckons now his three score years and ten.

The old for counsel, fight for younger Men.
 Young Man, now seize the Bull by crumpled horn,
 The day is yours, as breaks the early morn,
 With words, conceit finds stuff to build its nest,
 In Heaven uneasy, in Hell is blest.
 Heaven's harmony naught but words can shake,
 Hell is discord that naught but words can make,
 You pervert your souls, your gizzards fret,
 Make Gods and Devils from the Alphabet ;
 In a long run, what matters it to you,
 So that you keep yourselves in continual stew,
 Whether Idols are made of words or brass,
 If imagined edicts ne'er come to pass?
 Men send forth forms unknown to any soul,
 Though ransacked all the Earth from pole to pole,
 And as their lively buoyant fancy flies,
 Invent Gods, Devils, Witches—happy lies.
 The Poet's licensed, never free to all,
 The weak and credulous are sure to fall.
 Most gracious teachers, don't you call it tough
 To prate, such silly talk—all cry enough ;
 Tell one wee fact, one glimm'ring ray of sense,
 'Twill cover longs and shorts forever hence.
 A religion of words and not of deeds
 Worse than gardens filled with the tallest weeds.
 Cheap John religion, based on lifeless words,
 The sure precursor of most bloody swords,
 A machine that in words clothes one poor thought--
 Secure a patent and your fortune's wrought.
 If you seek for one to conceal ideas,
 You have it now, it's been in use for years,
 A net so specious, on so shrewd a plan,
 It fails to catch a fish, but catches Man ;
 For coarse work—amusement, not a bad send,
 Its real value found, there let it end,
 Not boss the World with Imperial nod,
 Let Mind stand first, the ultimate of God.
 The great mistake is this, attentive youth,
 You assume a lie, words do not coin a truth ;
 The crucible, through which Divine afflatus flows,
 Unmatched by lily or the blooming rose.
 Throughout the World, though all the talkers raise
 "Expressive silence" pure can "muse His praise."
 In realms of Nature or of art espy
 A more commanding force than Woman's eye,†
 Munificent orb of celestial fire,
 Hades boils over to excite its ire,
 Sweeps the Earth below and Heavens above,
 Serenely constant and suffused with love,
 Not softened or sustained by any speech,
 It bounds through space far, far beyond its reach,
 It scorns all speech, in quiet is confined,
 Spends all its life to win and soothe the Mind,
 Loquacious suitors, straight the plank must walk,
 No loving soul was ever won by talk,
 Awake to holy acts from days of yore,
 And whelmed in tears that it can do no more ;
 It coils around each fiber of the heart,
 Cords strong and tender that will never part,
 When face to face with Royal mate and true,

The welkin rings in Heaven o'er vaults of blue,
 Spurns with decision honors, fame, and pelt,
 To save her drowning Child, she sinks herself.
 The watchword hence is action, cease your talk,
 It calls for cities conquered not with chalk,
 From any quarter there's a ray of light,
 Be up and doing, and throw in your mite,
 This stirring age demands old fogies trumps,
 There's no excuse unless they have the mumps ;
 Old systems now submit to searching view,
 Survive the good, the virile and the true,
 Apparent imperfections fill the scene,
 Not oft a Grachehi, once a Nazarine,
 all take their chances, no volition given,
 And fondly know there's a surer Haven,
 Angels born and grow unlike the elf,
 Man's the great reservoir, the upper shelf,
 Man holds below him all. Heaven's rejoice,
 Immortality speaks in Human voice.
 You bear the palm, O, childish frantic Man,
 You're the arch capstone of Divinest plan,
 You cannot die, or else from Zone to Zone,
 Failure is writ distinct on ev'ry stone,
 See yourself ev'ry moving thing of Earth,
 Recoupe its life and springs to higher birth.
 Shall Man, the crowning spectacle on high,
 Avert his grand *denouement* reel and die?
 No ! Man lives on, scouting all wordy trash,
 He rounds God's Temple or 'twould rock and crash.
 All the sermons e'er preached on Man's rich soul,
 One straw from Nature's sheaf outweighs the whole,
 The Mind's been scourged with bigots *mercenaires*,
 The wheat grows good apace, 'mid countless tares.
 When fear's o'ercome, Man wins his sweetest goal,
 Courage, Divine, reigns diamond of the soul.

ROCHELLE, ILL., February 7, 1884.



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